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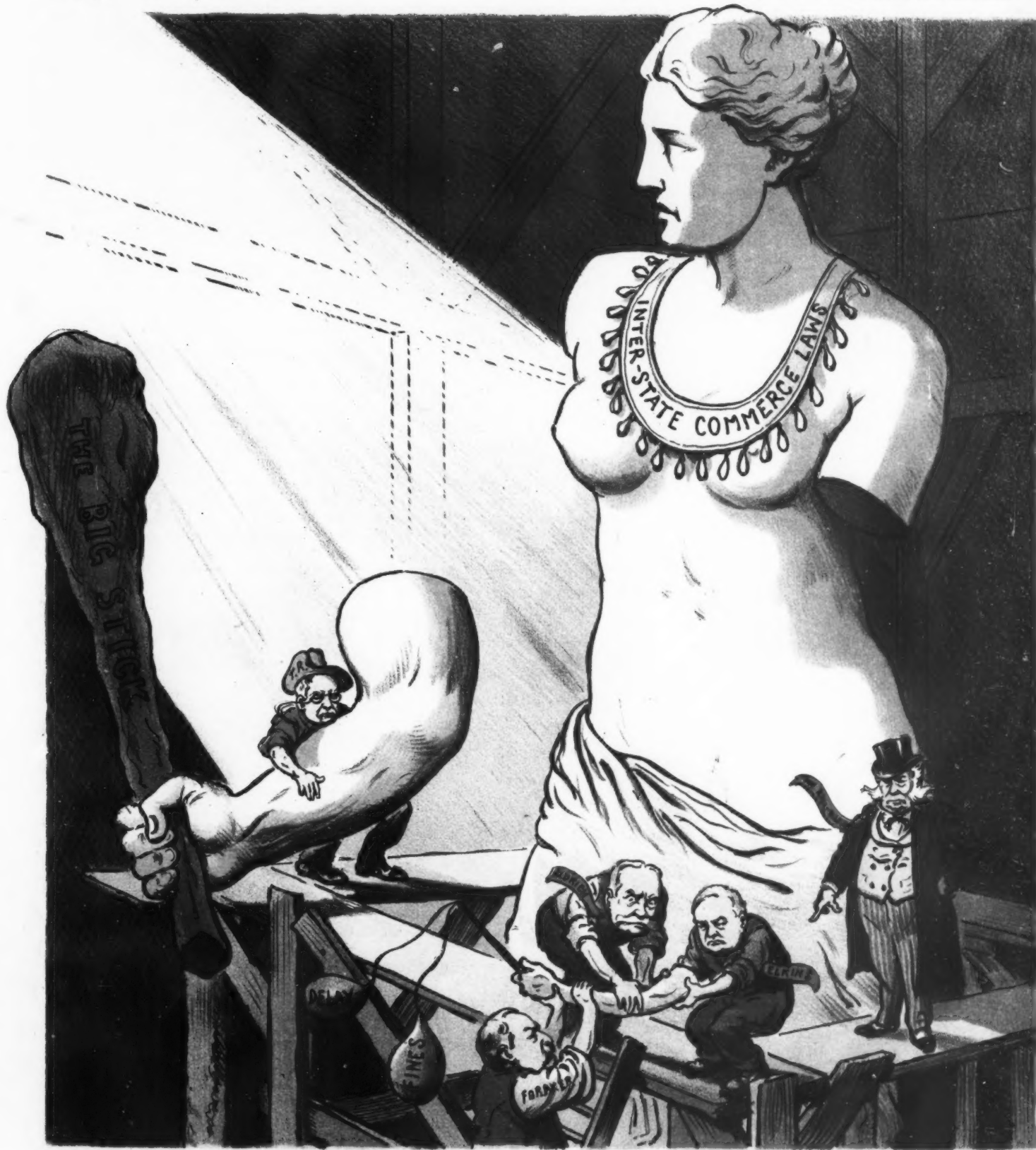
PUCK BUILDING, New York, April 25, 1906.

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ARMS AND THE MEN.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION AS TO WHAT WILL FIT THE LADY.



KEPPLER & SCHWABZMANN
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Payable in advance.

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

ANOTHER RUSSIAN leader is headed for New York. It is not known as yet which of the hotels he will be requested to leave.

ALL NEWSPAPERS containing a reference to the proposed inheritance tax have been carefully withheld from the Rockefeller baby.

A BAND OF Tammany grafters, moved to cheers by Mayor McClellan's talk on the perils of Socialism, was at once a novel and an impressive spectacle.

GORKY BROUGHT his near-wife to the wrong town. Someone should have told him that the New York hotels are extremely sensitive in such a matter.

TOM TAGGART sees a Democratic House in Washington next year. Tom Taggart, you remember, saw a victory for Parker in 1904. Tom's business is "seeing things."

THERE IS said to be no hope for the American Merchant Marine unless the Subsidy Bill is passed. Won't "our national prosperity" simply sizzle when the same men who get the rake-off on the tariff cash in on the ship subsidy, also!

LONDON has the ballooning fad. It is something like the Wall Street fad, inasmuch as at the start one never knows where one is going to land.

MR. ROOSEVELT also wishes it understood that his remarks about the man with the muck-rake had no reference to the honest clam-digger. Him he "hails as a benefactor."

IT IS more blessed to receive a rebate than to give one, and the other fellow takes the risk.

THEN THERE is that other public nuisance, the Man With the Lawn Mower, who gets busy about 6 a. m.

REPORTS FROM the Easter riots are all in, and show an average number of casualties. The next big row-day will be Christmas.

THAT ARMORY deal in Buffalo makes a pleasing addition to the catalogue of graft. Considering that the state legislature meets elsewhere, Buffalo is doing very well.

UPTON SINCLAIR is said to have spent several months in the Chicago stockyards district, gathering local color for "The Jungle." Would n't local odor be better and a less mixed metaphor?

AN ATTEMPT will be made to raise elephants in California, a number of capitalists having formed a syndicate. Advice and assistance should be asked and received from that pair of most able elephant experts, George B. Cortelyou and Cornelius N. Bliss.



THEY CAME TO CHEER



BUT REMAINED TO MOURN.

THERE IS nothing more distressing to every good patriot, to every good American, than the hard, scoffing spirit which treats the allegation of dishonesty in a public man as a cause for laughter. — *The President.*

Laughter usually being interpreted as a demand for an encore.

AFTER MAXIM GORKY cometh "Maxim the mysterious Jewish leader." The revolutionists seem to put their trust in rapid-fire guns.

THE NEW ROGUES' GALLERY



Alfred Leeming

ROBB A. CHILDE, alias Widow and Orphan Smith, Jimmy the Bluff. Specialties: grand larceny, perjury, philanthropy. Now in Europe.



Alfred Leeming

ABEL SWIPER, alias Safe and Sane Reilly. Conservative Con, Lead Pipe Parsons. Expert fit-thrower before investigating committees. Wanted in seven states.

FOR HIGH CLASS CROOKS.



Alfred Leeming

LYON STEELE, alias Gentleman Jack, Honest Graft Farley, Tony the Sneak. High finance and all other forms of larceny. Once mentioned for the Senate.

LET THEM BE
PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE STYLE
TO WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN ACCUSTOMED.

IN 1916.

THE CASE of Jones vs. the P. D. & Q. Railroad was argued in the United States Supreme Court yesterday. It will be remembered that is one of the cases brought to test the constitutionality of the Railroad Rebate Law, passed in 1906, under the administration of President Roosevelt. It is expected that a decision will be handed down promptly. Should it be against the road, steps will be taken at once to enforce the law." Newspaper item.

APIARIAN.

HOW DOTH the little busy bee
Enrich the English tongue?
What honeyed phrase distilleth he?
"STUNG!"

IN THE SWIM.

SEED SALESMAN.—Has the wave of reform that is sweepin' the country struck this vicinity yet?

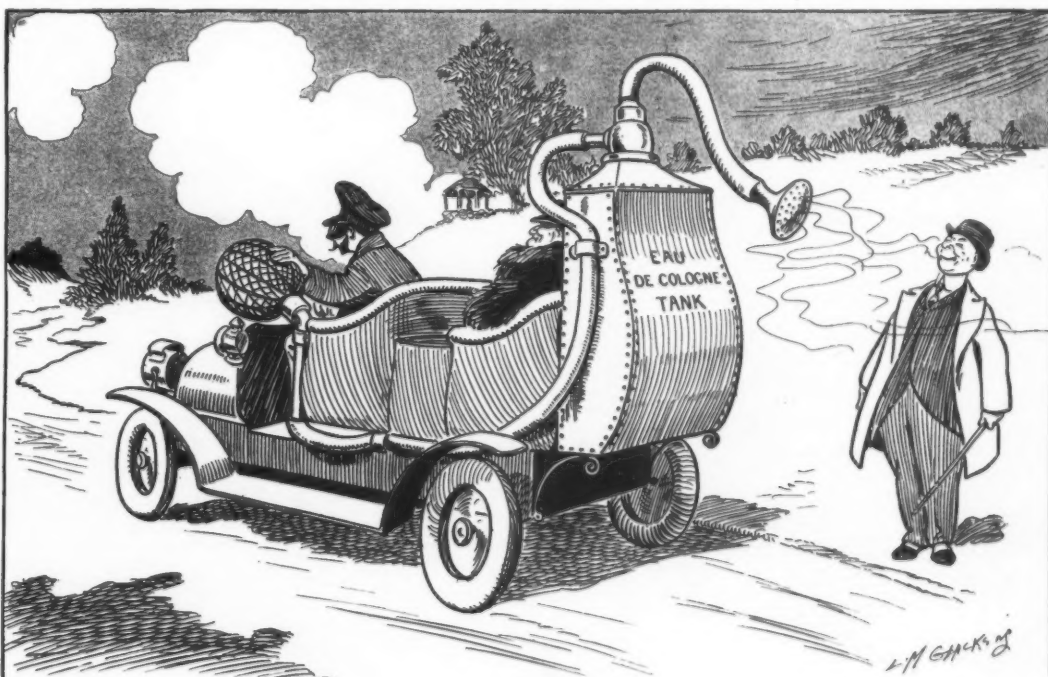
GENERAL STORE-KEEPER (of Hankins' Corners).—Yep! Should n't wonder if we had an investergation before another week passes. Should n't wonder the least mite.

SEED SALESMAN.—Yes? What will be investigated?

GENERAL STORE-KEEPER.—Frenzied hoss-swappin'! I hear as how the Reform Hoss-swappin' League 's bin busy fer the past month er so lookin' up the records uv several uv the most hippycritical—tew say the least—uv our leadin' citizens, hereabouts.

DIVINED.

SHE was ready to sink through the floor. She did not speak, but he had only to look into her great, shy eyes to divine her mind. "Going down!" he yelled, accordingly, to the elevator boy.



OTHER OWNERS TAKE NOTICE.

OWNER OF THE AUTO.—At last, at last, I can enjoy motoring. How I must have distressed my fellow citizens when I left a trail of gasoline behind me!

Inordinate prosperity invites vilification. Where a man gets more than about so much of the earth, he gets it largely in the form of mud.

MR. DIMLOW'S BURGLARY INSURANCE.

MR. DIMLOW was reading the advertisements in the street car. His glance roved from the literary announcement, "This Year It's the Ram's Horn," to Mr. Post's heart to heart suggestion, "There's a Reason." Midway was an ad to which his eye returned:



"There are more burglaries than fires. Why not take out a policy in the Fidelity and Family Silver Assurance Company?"

"Why not?" repeated Mr. Dimlow, thinking of his family silver, which was solid and bulked large on the sideboard.

When he brought the policy home Mrs. Dimlow was much pleased. The family silver had caused her more or less anxiety. "But now," she said, "when I hear a noise in the dining room I shall just turn over and go to sleep again."

The policy, which was for \$1,000, had been in effect about a fortnight when Mrs. Dimlow, waking suddenly, heard some one moving about below stairs. She touched Mr. Dimlow's arm and whispered in his ear: "Burglars!"

Mr. Dimlow leaped from bed and took a 38-calibre army revolver from the bureau drawer, but before he could get into action his wife had him by both arms.

"Don't be foolish, John," said she. "Let them take the silver, and anything else they want. It's insured."

Fanny, the fox terrier, who slept in a basket beside the bed, began to sound an alarm, which her mistress promptly smothered with a blanket.

"We must n't scare them away," she whispered to her hus-



FOR SUBURBAN BREAKFASTS.

MR. OUTERTOWNE (of Mamaroneck).—I have n't got time for that coffee, Julia. The train has just pulled out of Rye.

band. "I have been wanting some new silver for a long time. I do hope they will take the wedding presents."

Mr. Dimlow permitted himself to be persuaded, and even refrained, at his wife's request, from taking a crack at the departing marauders from the safe position of the bedroom window.

The silver was gone, they discovered the next morning, to the last wedding present. Mr. Dimlow notified the Fidelity and Family Silver Assurance Company, and in the course of time the gentlemanly adjuster appeared. Then Mr. Dimlow learned a few things.

Among other items he learned that the assurance company enjoyed the option of replacing the stolen pieces of silverware with others "of like value." If Mr. Dimlow would step into Blink & Jink's and pick out the goods, they would be sent home promptly.

Mr. Dimlow preferred to buy where he darned pleased, and said so. His wife, he remarked, preferred Hank & Blank's. The large, thickset person who accompanied the gentlemanly adjuster held up a deprecating hand. Perhaps Mr. Dimlow was not aware that our best people did not trade at Hank & Blank's. So many questionable persons (this in an undertone) went to Hank & Blank's. Really, one would not care to have one's wife or daughter seen in the place.

Mr. Dimlow's ire rose. It was perfectly plain



TREAT THEM LIKE DOGS.

IF THIS BECAME THE FASHION, PERHAPS SOCIETY COULD BE INDUCED TO HAVE THEM.

When a girl talks of cooking lessons, it begins to look as if she was all to the Leap Year.

THE INFLUENCE OF ENVIRONMENT.



Mr. Alfred J. Jones, when he entered the employ of Cohenstein & Co.



Mr. Jones after one year.



After three years.



After five years.

to him, he said, that the assurance company got a big discount from Blink & Jink's, and was trying to sandbag him into buying of that firm. The gentlemanly adjuster shrugged his shoulders and referred him to his policy.

Mr. Dimlow damned the policy, and from there it was only a step to damning the adjuster. The large thickset person requested him to have a care. He disregarded the request, and in the course of ten more minutes the three gentlemen "mixed it," as the sporting editor would say.

"Why, John!" exclaimed Mrs. Dimlow, when he arrived home. "Have you been run over?"

He explained, at more or less inconvenience to his jaw, concluding, man-like: "It's all your fault, Ellen."

"My fault!" echoed Ellen, wonderingly.

Mr. Dimlow's reply was entirely illuminating:

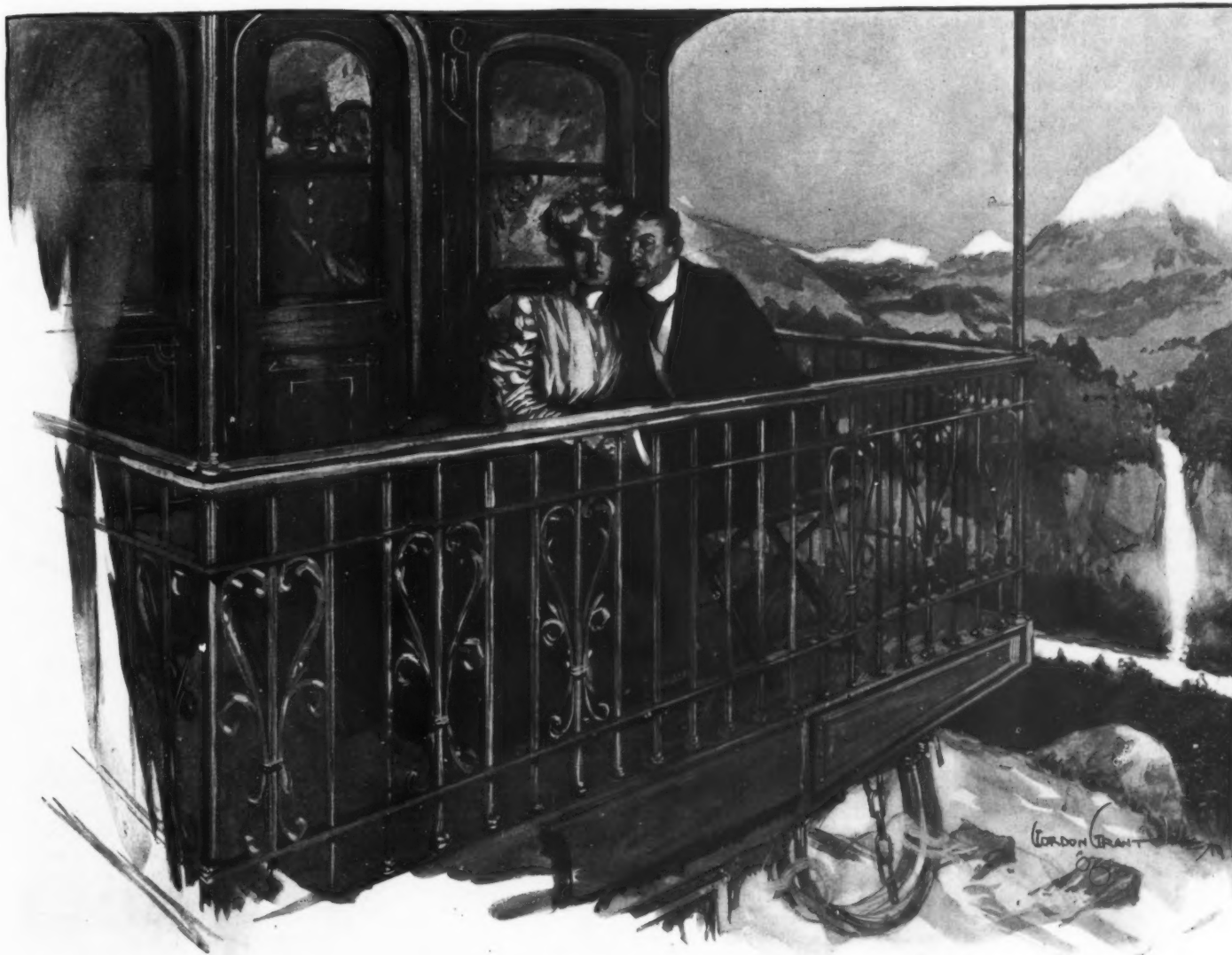
"Next time," he said, "I'll take a chance with the burglars."

B. L. T.

THE STRUGGLE.

SACCHARINE, formaldehyde, salicylic and benzoic, These are things it wrestles with every passing day. Don't you think that, on the whole, your stomach is heroic In its way?

FLATTERY is a counterfeit which often passes where truth would not.



THE OBSERVATION CAR.

PUCK



THAT REAL FOOD MEAL.

THE STRANDED LEADING MAN.—We plead with thee, fair sir, for but a single hour in thy dining car, during which time we will present to thee, free of charge, a realistic rendition of the world-famed Thanksgiving dinner scene in "The Old Barn Yard," as done by us for three hundred and sixty consecutive nights in Drury Lane Theater, London!

WORDS OF WISDOM.

"**OW** dess uh-kaze I happens to ax de bruddren to leave deir fightin' dogs outside when dey comes into de church, dem dat is n't cursed wid fightin' dogs don't need-essarily have to go and git 'em in awdah to leave 'em outside," sententiously remarked Parson Bagster in the course of a recent sermon. "And when de Lawd commands yo' to love yo' enemies it don't diametrically foller dat yo' gotter whirl in and make enemies so 's yo' can have somebody to love. Try de 'spearmin' of lovin' yo' wife and fambly, muh bruddren; dess try dat, for a change, and see de comfort and sadisfaction dat yo' will eradicate fum it."

TREASON?

PATRICK HENRY was making his famous speech.

"If this be treason," he said, "make the most of it."

"I will," said David Graham Phillips. And he did.

LAMPS.

TEACHER (of East Side school).—I wonder how many of you remember the pretty story of Aladdin and the wonderful lamp I told you last week. Billy Bleecker, can you tell me why our little friend Aladdin rubbed his lamp?

BILLY BLEECKER (vaguely).—If he wuz n't gittin' sleepy, he musta had a cinder in it!

THE DEBT.

I DRINK the costliest drinks, and feed on the richest food, and wear the most sumptuous attire, not because I like these things, but in order to put up a front which will relieve me of the necessity of paying my debts."

"And do you succeed?"

"Not altogether."

"No?"

"There's a certain party who won't be stood off. Indeed, the very devices, especially the food and drink, whereby I gain consideration at the hands of other creditors, make her all the more importunate."

"A lady, then?"

"Possibly you know her. A good many do, or think they do, these days."

"Her name?"

"Is Nature."

ON THE DEFENSIVE.

KENNEDY.—They do be some talk av importhin' Chinase labor fr to dig th' Panyamaw canal.

DORGAN.—They do? Thin, begobs, I don't blame th' heathens fr preparin' fr war!

SURE ENOUGH.

INDIGNANT AGRICULTURIST.—Looky here, gol-ram ye! Did n't you tell me this suit o' clothes that I bought of ye about two weeks ago would wear like iron?

SWINDLEBAUM.—Yase, mein friendt, I didt tell you dat; undt ain'dt it rusty already?



LITERALLY.

THE COD.—Suffering sea-serpents! What sort of a sawfish have you been monkeying with?

THE OCTOPUS (sadly).—I was sucker enough to sit in a strange poker game last night, and two sharks trimmed me!

The Way of the World.



WHEN Jack and Jill were wedded they
Were seemingly content
With what, in a less gilded day,
Was called a "tenement."

But this, in turn, was voted slow,
Not quite the proper sort.
They wanted something better, so
They shifted to a "Court."

Jack's modest weekly wage was raised
From ten to twelve; whereat
Ambition's tiny spark upblazed—
They moved into a "flat."

Which for a time did very well,
But soon it lost its charms.
They yearned for something extra swell,
And found it in an "Arms."

Jack soon was marching with the van;
No money cares perplexed.
Ambition blazed still higher. An
"Apartment" housed them next.

Now, one would think that by this time
They'd be content. Somehow
They're not, but still are on the climb,
They live in "Chambers" now.



Mr. Jerome makes as many "breaks" as Mr. Roosevelt, but people continue to have confidence in both men, because they know them to be fundamentally honest and courageous. Honesty is not a rare thing, but honesty with courage is not common. And the man in the street is more tolerant with Mr. Jerome than some editorial writers are, because the man in the street is not paid a weekly wage to be indignant. We like Mr. Jerome; we think he will pan out all right. At the same time, the spectacle of Mr. Jerome denouncing intemperance in speech is more mirth-provoking than impressive. Jerome is about as temperate as Vesuvius.

What has become of the war between France and Germany, for which Mr. James Gordon Bennett has been so industriously preparing. Mr. Bennett had made arrangements to "cover" the war to the queen's taste, and was as sure of its happening as he was sure that his name wasn't "Willow, Titwillow, Titwillow." And now, alas! his splendid staff of war correspondents must return to paths of peace and the comparatively uninteresting work of writing editorials and special articles. It is usually safe to bet against war.

The estimable Brooklyn *Eagle*, impatient with the "yellow magazine writers," contends that the general level of the Senate is higher now than in the days of Webster, Clay and Calhoun. We can only regret, then, that those halcyon times did not witness a wave of "exposure" such as has rolled over the land during the past year or two. Perhaps the present Senate would have contained fewer rascals.

It is all well enough to josh the "professional reformers" and refer to them as "ten-cent literateurs." That is an expression of the American spirit, which is ashamed to take anything very seriously, except our tremendous importance as a nation. But we should not care to spend much time talking to a man who did not believe that the work of Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell, and other reputable writers has accomplished much present good and influenced the future. We cannot josh that out of existence, brethren of the cap and bells.

Attempts to extract sunbeams from cucumbers have never been successful. No sunbeams were obtained, and the cucumbers were rendered inferior for pickling purposes. Prof. Moore of the Weather Bureau is now engaged in analyzing the sunbeams, which is about the limit of scientific curiosity. What a lot of ways Uncle Sam has of spending his money!
B. L. T.

WHEN THE BLOOM IS ON THE HOBO.



I.
THE GARDENER (in City Park).—Darn those tramps! They're nice company, they are, for my flowers and shrubs.

THE OCCASIONAL FEMINE.

THE ENGLISHMAN.—Women in Parliament? Never. It is unthinkable, sir.

THE AMERICAN.—But why?

"They are unfit, sir."

"In what respect unfit?"

"Why, sir, even bold men are rarely able to talk on their legs. What, then, should we expect of shy women?"

"In my country, my dear sir, it has been proved that women can talk on anything a man can. False modesty is not a part of woman's nature, but the effect simply of faulty education."



II.
THE GARDENER.—Yes, sir, this scheme of mine is a winner. Sleep on, my American beauties!



III.
THE GARDENER (two months later).—Talk about your shrubbery! Talk about your landscape gardening!



"DANCE, YER LITTLE

PUCK



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

LITTLE RUNT! DANCE!"



IN THE STONE AGE.

PROPRIETOR OF BOOK STORE.—Perhaps, Madam, you would like something in the line of the nature books, "How to Know the Pterodactyls," or "Wild Dinosaurs I Have Met."

A STERN REBUKE.



YOUNG man," said the president of the road, severely, "I understand that you have been granting rebates."
 "Had to do it to get business," said the subordinate.
 "I suppose the road wants business."
 "When it can be had by proper methods," said the president. "But rebates are illegal and immoral—contrary to public policy. Let me hear no more of rebates."
 "Still," persisted the subordinate, "you want business."
 "Of course. If the shipper, let us say, will furnish terminal facilities, or private cars, we will make liberal allowances for them. Or we might arrange to pay handsomely for lighterage or truckage. Why, my young friend, don't you think there is more than one way to skin a cat? But, rebates, as I have said before, are illegal and immoral."
 And the subordinate retired, realizing, let us hope, the error of his ways and resolved to turn over a new leaf.

SAD STORY.

KIND LADY.—Do you mean to tell me that reading Shakespeare brought you to prison? What works did you read?

NO. 411.—Romeo an' Juliet, mum.

KIND LADY.—But what evil influence could that have on you?

NO. 411.—Why, it learned me to be a porch-climber, mum.

EXTREME POVERTY.

THE BAKERY RODENT.—They say there's nothing so poor as a church mouse?

THE CHURCH MOUSE (*cheerfully*).—Oh, I'm not squeaking! I know several fellow-nibblers who reside in a Carnegie library!

FATHER AND SON.

NOW THE BOY, though of tender years, was something of a sophist.

"Father," said he, one day, "what truth is there in the saying that clothes make the man?"

"A great deal of truth, my son," said the old man, falling into the trap.

"Very well, then," said the boy. "I take that view of the case, in order that a boy may become a man, is it not highly necessary that he be always suited?"

But the old man was n't born yesterday, either.

"That is n't all my son," said he. "A suit includes only coat and vest and trousers. It is also necessary that a boy be collared, and cuffed and booted."

After this there fell a silence between them, lasting several minutes.

UNFAVORABLE.

"GOOD weather for crops, eh?" chirped the traveler, one of your superficial optimists.

The farmer shook his head, sadly.

"On the contrary," he replied, for he was an educated farmer.

"No?"

"As a matter of fact the crops are suffering."

"On account of the weather?"

"On account of the weather."

"Bright sunshine, following copious showers, do crops suffer in such weather?"

"Naturally, crops are bound to suffer in any weather which makes fish bite. If these conditions continue, we sha'n't raise much this year."

And the farmer shook his head again, and sighed heavily.

COIN.

"WELL, NO," replied the veteran financier, "you are not right in supposing that a lamb without the coin does n't interest us much. We rather insist on the—er—mint-sauce, you know."



HOW IT HAPPENED.

INSURANCE EXAMINER.—This applicant you brought here seems to be on the verge of delirium-tremens!

INSURANCE AGENT.—Oh, that's all right! I've had to keep him drunk for over two weeks in order to get him here at all!

MODERN LOVE LYRICS.

IN THE SUBWAY.

In the Subway, oh, my darling,
When the lights are dim and low,
And th' expresses, as per schedule,
Slowly come and slowly go.
When the crowd fights in the doorway,
With a rowdy, unknown foe,
Do you sometimes ponder, dearest,
On the Interurban Co.?

In the Subway, oh, my darling,
Think not bitterly of me,
Though the guard has slammed the door that
Separates us finally—
Though I tried to board the car, love,
He averred it could not be.
It was best to leave you then, dear—
Best for you and best for me.

Franklin P. Adams.

SWEET CHARITY.

I OPENED the door of the plain, but substantial building and looked timidly in.

"Is Miss Charity at home?" I asked.

A sweet-looking young girl, simply dressed, with a sad, serious and wondrously beautiful face, came forward.

"I am Charity," she said. "What can I do for you?"

"I came," I replied—"let me confess it—out of curiosity. I was afraid you would not see me. You are so much sought after, you know."

Charity opened her beautiful eyes wonderingly, widely.

"Am I?" she said, as one who doubts. "By whom, pray?"

I smiled indulgently, as who would not, at such simplicity.

"As if you did n't know,"

I said. "Look, for example, how Mr. Andrew Carnegie has been after you."

Charity looked puzzled.

"I'm sure," she said, "I never heard of the gentleman."

"What! How surprising. But surely you know John D. Rockefeller, and Pierpont Morgan, and—"

Charity turned toward me with an amused smile.

"Ah, yes!" she interrupted.

"Of course. Those gentlemen are prominent millionaires. I have heard of them, of course, but I don't know them. I'm not on very good terms with the very rich, you know."

My astonishment was hard to conceal.

"The next thing you will be telling me," I said, "is that you are not on good terms with the church. Why, think of the organizations that are using your name. Perhaps you don't know anything about them?"

Charity smiled.

"I don't," she said, frankly, "that is, the most of them, and they are really, you know, using my name without my consent."

"May I ask," I inquired, gently, "if this is the case, just how you manage to keep busy? You must have a good deal of time on your hands. I don't suppose you have ever even attended the elaborate and



SUMMER STOCK.

FARMER COBB.—Are ye going to keep pigs this year, Caleb?

FARMER HUSKINS.—Lord, no! Thar 's jest ez much profit keepin' boarders, an' not half so much trouble feedin' 'em!



MOTHER JONES MELODIES.

(For the Kindergarten School of Socialists.)

THERE was a little man
And he had a little bomb,
And he loaded it with lumps of
lead, lead, lead.

He threw it at a Queen,
And it littered up the scene,
And they picked up all but her
head, head, head.

costly ball that is given in your honor every year."

In reply, Charity led me back through the house to a large workshop, in which a group of her assistants were at work.

"If you think I'm not busy," she replied, "look at these, my co-workers. I have to keep them going night and day, making garments."

"Making garments," I replied. "For what?"

"For everybody," replied Charity. "These are the garments, you know, that cover a multitude of sins."

Tom Masson.

THE BEST EVER.

"**W**HAT are Senator Smugg and Senator Klawback laughing so immoderately about?"

"Oh, they have just overheard a by-passing voter from a way out West somewhere speak of the government as 'ours.'"

WHO?

"**P**LEASE, Pa," pleaded Bobby, "just one more."

"All right," said Pa, closing his book.

"Well, say, Pa," began Bobby, "who is going to bury the last man that dies?"

It often happens that the pride that goeth before a fall only stubs its toe.

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(Nestor Gianacelis, Cairo and Boston)

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Exquisite
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Wilson—

The only whiskey that places a complete, guaranteed analysis on each & every bottle—
See back label!

That's All!

STILL.

"Yes," the old newspaper man said, reminiscently, "when I was a cub in Washington we used to get so much copy at the White House that we called it 'the news stand.'"

"Well," the Washington correspondent said, gloomily, "I find it a news stand-still." — *American Spectator*.

EVEN when a man does n't dare to say to a woman: "It is all your fault!" he looks it. — *Somerville Journal*.



SHAMEFUL.

THE MOTH.—Now, that's what I call ingratitude. We make her a present of five thousand eggs and she gets mad. And I heard her complaining the other day that eggs were going up, too!

Nothing will quicker revolutionize the system and put new life into it, than Abbott's Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

PRETTY BAD.

THE SIMPLE LITTLE BOY.—Does golf make you hungry, too?
THE SMART BIG BOY.—Yes, but I have sausage and tea as I go along.
THE SIMPLE LITTLE BOY.—I don't see 'em.
THE SMART BIG BOY.—Well, for the sausage we have nine whole links; and, see, I am making the tee now. — *American Spectator*.

AND HE KNEW.

"They say pie knives have gone out of style," said the New York man.
"Nothing of the kind," replied the Chicagoan; "I never eat pie with anything else!" — *Yonkers Statesman*.

It is predicted that the time is near at hand when cows will be milked by mechanical milking machines run by gasoline motors. Alas! they will not even leave us the poetry of the milkmaid. — *Atlanta Constitution*.



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OF REFINED TASTE.
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THE WRONG TACK.

"But," argued the young man, "you know that two can live on what it costs to support one."

"That settles your case," growled her father. "Nobody fool enough to accept that statement could ever earn a living for one." — *Public Ledger*.

No matter how frequently the fashions change, the dressmakers who have to keep up with them show no disposition to complain. — *Somerville Journ.*

**Leaves from the diary
of the late
JOHN SMITH**

January 1st 1906
I am going to begin the New Year by taking out a Policy in The Prudential. No more lying awake nights and worrying days about the future for me. I am going to make the future safe at least for the family.

February 4th 1906
I must take out that Prudential policy this month without fail.

March 1st 1906
Was reminded by seeing an advertisement of The Prudential company, that I had not yet taken out that Policy. Must do it at once.

MORNING NEWS
March 18th, 1906.
The affairs of John Smith, who passed away so suddenly a week ago, are being wound up. The estate is heavily involved. He left his family without life insurance.

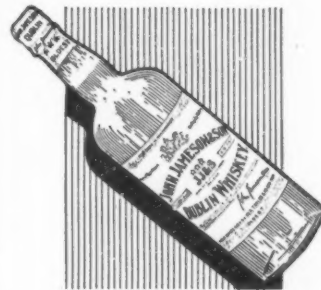
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

The Prudential
INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA
Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.
JOHN F. DRYDEN President Home Office NEWARK, N. J.

Good intentions are worthless unless carried out. There's just one time to insure—that time is today. Make the future sure by taking a Policy in

Write your name and address on the margin of this card and send it in for information and rates of Policies, Duplicates.

JOHN JAMESON THREE ★★ STAR WHISKEY



It stands supreme on the three vital points — Purity, Age, Flavor. Distilled by the costly pot-still method.

NOT ALL PLEASURE.

MRS. GAY.—Of course, we must go to the dance this evening.

MR. GAY.—Oh, you think of nothing but pleasure.

MRS. GAY.—Not at all, I expect to dance with you several times. — *Public Ledger*.

COMPLETE OUTFIT.

FATHER.—Johnny, what are you making all that racket for?

JOHNNY.—So I can go and play tennis with it.

FATHER.—Then you'll need a bawl, too. Bring me a trunk-strap, young man. — *American Spectator*.

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By Stuart Travis.

Photogravure in Sepia, 19½ x 15 in.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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By Stuart Travis.

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At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
Bäcker & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.

IN THE AIR.

BACON.—Did you know they were putting scent on ice now?

EGBERT.—No; but I guess, by the looks of things they expect to get a sweet-scented price for it.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

BY ANY OTHER NAME.

CITIZEN.—Is it true, as some people say, that members of the senate really take bribes from interested business men?

SENATOR B.—No, indeed! That yarn is absolutely unfounded. We never accept anything but an occasional commission.—*Somerville Journal*.

Pears'

Cleanliness is a necessity that knows a law—Pears' Soap.

Pears' is both a law and a necessity for toilet and bath.

Sold everywhere.

COMFORTING THOUGHT.

Don't be so down-hearted,
Laugh, my little girl;
Eat your oysters carefully,
For you may find a pearl.

—*Detroit Free Press*.

ONE ob de main reasons why de way ob de transgressor am hahd am because it am trabbeled so much.—*American Spectator*.

THE GERM THEORY.

Government Chemist Wiley is reported as saying: "I have found that the foods we daily consume are so fraught with germ life of a harmful nature that I am almost afraid to go to the table."—*News Item*.

There's germ life in the milk we drink,
And also in the food we eat;
And what do vegetarians think
Of eating microbes with their wheat?
They're plastered thick on every fruit,
And floating in the air to boot.

There's bold bacilli in the cake,
And micrococci in the cheese;
There's others in the pies we make
And in the butter, if you please.
For water pure naught will suffice
Unless we take and boil the ice.

Milk is the stuff they like the most,
Unless, perhaps, we count the bread;
They flourish in our tea and toast—
The marvel is we're not all dead.
And yet our forebears ate, 'tis clear,—
I truly wonder how we're here!

—*American Spectator*.

CHANGEABLE.

SHE.—Now what would you say is the color of your wife's hair?

HE.—I don't know; I haven't seen her since this morning.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

TESS.—Cholly is too stupid!

JESS.—In particular?

TESS.—Why, we were at the beach at the same time last summer, and when I said I wanted to learn to swim he said I could n't fool him—that he had seen me swim the summer before.—*American Spectator*.

U. S. Law Proclaims
that all Whiskies bottled in bond according to
the law passed by U. S. Congress and signed
by the President (March 3d, 1897) are
pure and unadulterated.
We obey this law to
the letter—therefore

Sunny Brook
STRAIGHT
Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND

Bottled in its pure natural state under the direct supervision of Gov't Officials and is sealed by U. S. Treasury Dept's "GREEN STAMP"—absolute proof of its Age and Purity. Sunny Brook was the only Whiskey awarded Grand Prize and Gold Medal at St. Louis World's Fair.

SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY CO., Jefferson County, Ky.

PLANTING TIME.

In the spring fair Gladys' fancy,
Spurning every thought of weeds,
Cutworms, hens, or other troubles,
Lightly turns to garden seeds.

Then she hies her to the garden
On some warm, bright, sunny day,
And within its mellowed richness
Safely tucks her seeds away.

And she buys some bargain packets—
Thirty kinds for fifteen cents,
And impatient waits till Winter
Of his icy reign relents.

Hopeful Gladys! Now she's happy,
Thinking Nature 'll do the rest.
Some weeks hence she may discover
Bargain seeds are not the best.

—*Somerville Journal*.

What shall I do

\$100 LIFE SCHOLARSHIP \$25
You can do no better than to Learn —
PLUMBING, BRICKLAYING or PLASTERING
The 3 best Trades in the World.
THIS OFFER IS GOOD ONLY Until April 15, 1906. ENROLL NOW.
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NEW YORK CHICAGO ST. LOUIS

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetiser and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



Aged and Respected

With character and merit. The spirit of Kentucky hospitality; the essence of good cheer. The best whiskey for all uses. Gold medals at New Orleans, 1885; Chicago, 1893; Paris, 1900, and Grand Prize, highest award, at World's Fair, St. Louis. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Did you ever observe when you ride on a car,
How funny the people all seem?
If you sit, or you stand, or you hang on a strap,
It appears very much like a dream.
There's the man who is grinning as hard as he can,

The woman whose hat is ajar,
The fellow whose nose is as red as a beet —
These people we see on a car.
There's the man who is wearing a very black wig,

Another with no hair at all,
A sport with a very loud checker-board vest,
His neighbor done up in a shawl;
A woman with diamonds worth thirty-five cents,

A girl chewing gum, with a scar —
You smile for you think they are funny indeed,

These people we see on a car.
There's the girl who is bowing to men on the street,

The woman who can't find her fare;
The fellow you ask to get off your toes,
And the kid with the yellow-red hair;
The man who has remnants of egg on his chin,

Another with half a cigar,
A gray-haired old sinner who's trying to flirt —
These people we see on a car.

L'ENVOI.

But wait! Now, perhaps, I'm forgetting myself —

The thought almost gives me a jar;
Perhaps they are thinking the same things of me —

These people I see on a car.

—*Yonkers Statesman*.

CLUB COCKTAILS are always of uniform excellence. The choicest liquors are used in exquisite proportions—blended and aged to a flavor.

Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
Hartford New York London

MORE TRUST BUSTING.

We hear, among some other joys,
The powder trust is doomed;
But when the Fourth comes with its noise
We'll find that it is boomed.

—*Indianapolis News*.

BUT is J. Pierpont Morgan the man to be scared out of Italy by any rival antiquarian bogey man? — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

**A Delightful Sea Trip
To Quaint New Orleans**

**SOUTHERN
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Elegant passenger ships from
New York every Wednesday at
noon, arriving New Orleans
Monday morning.
Berth and meals included in rate.

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Inquire

Boston, 170 Washington St. Philadelphia, 632 Chestnut St.
New York, 1349 Broadway Baltimore, Piper Building.
Syracuse, 212 West Washington St.

JUST A YELLOW STREAK.

REDD.—I went through your town
in my automobile, yesterday.

GREENE.—Did you notice my
house?

"What color is it?"

"Yellow."

"Yes, I did notice a yellow streak
in your town."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A WOMAN is either an idealist or a
gol—dingist.—*Cleveland Hotel Life*.



THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

JONES.—I thought you'd given up
smoking, old chap.

BROWN.—I thought so, too. But
my two daughters began to collect
cigar-bands.

Do you get up tired and feel tired all day? Try a
tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in sweet-
ened water before meals. At grocers or druggists.

FATHER O'SHEA AND FATHER MCCREA.

Ye might search the world's ends,
And ye find no such friends
As Father O'Shea an' Father McCrea.

Very caustic in wit
Was Father O'Shea,
But as droll every bit
Was Father McCrea;

An' oh! such a volley o' fun they were pokin',
The wan at the other, as good as a play,
Wid their ready replies an' their innocent
jokin'.

When Father O'Shea met Father McCrea.

Now, upon a March Sunday it came for to pass
Good Father McCrea

Preached a very fine sermon an' then, after
Mass,
Met Father O'Shea.

"'T was a very appropriate sermon for Lent
Ye delivered this minute.

For the season o' fastin' 't was very well
meant—

I could find no meat in it!"

Said Father O'Shea.

Then, quick as the laughter that gleamed in
his eye,

Good Father McCrea

Raised a finger o' protest an' made his reply
To Father O'Shea.

"Faith, I'll have to be workin' a miracle next,
To comply wid your wishes.

Dare you ask me for meat, my dear sir, when
the text

Was 'the loaves an' the fishes'?"

Said Father McCrea.

Very caustic in wit

Was Father O'Shea,

But as droll every bit

Was Father McCrea;

Though ye'd search the world's ends

Ye would find no such friends

As Father O'Shea and Father McCrea.

—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

GOOD LUCK.

MRS. MCCALL.—Is Mrs. Gasaway
at home?

THE SERVANT.—Faith, she is not,
ma'am, be great luck; but ye'd best
l'ave yer card an' skedaddle away, fur
she's like to be in anny minute, now.

—*Public Ledger*.

**These are the days
for a jaunt in the
country and a bottle of
Evans' Ale
to cap the climax.
Out-door life and
Evans' Ale go together**

Take a supply with you.

LIFE'S MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

"The paper says Rockefeller is out
of Standard Oil."

"Well, what of it? He can get it
at any grocery for ten cents."—*Public
Ledger*.

SEEMS STRANGE.

SHE.—In mediæval times cats were
so scarce that to kill one involved a
very heavy fine.

HE.—Great Scott! And was there
once a time when it was possible to kill
a cat?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

THE LIMIT WITH HIM.

"He's gone out to look for work."

"Don't you believe it."

"Well, he told me he was."

"The most he'd do would be to go
out and look at it."—*Phila. Ledger*.



"JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT"

"When the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows
Softly come and go."

THE happiest hours of life are those spent in the home, in easy enjoy-
ment of pleasing melodies. No need for husband, wife, or children
to go to clubs, theatres, or other places of amusement when home is
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Brochette**

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**JOHN KENDRICK BANGS
ARTHUR HAMILTON FOLWELL
and BERT LESTON TAYLOR**

29 full-page Illustrations, by FRANK A. NANKIVELL

This "historical" account of cer-
tain of the adventures of Huevos Pa-
sada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio
Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie
Gras, is a clever and amusing burles-
que on the novel of historio—adven-
ture. We consider it strange it has
not been done before, but it is cer-
tainly well done now.

—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Monsieur D'En Brochette" is a
capital travesty of the romances of
the sword by American imitators of
Alexandre Dumas which have been
so numerous and popular in the last
few years. The satire is keen and
even the victims cannot fail to ad-
mire the skill with which the sharp
thrusts are given.

—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

The adventures which Robert Gas-
ton de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of
Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie
Gras, and Much Else Besides, suc-
ceeds in crowding into the short space
of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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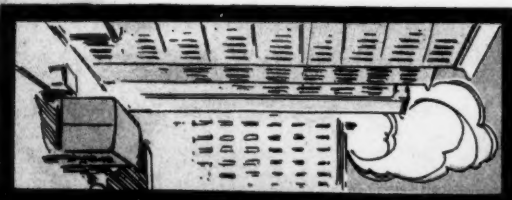
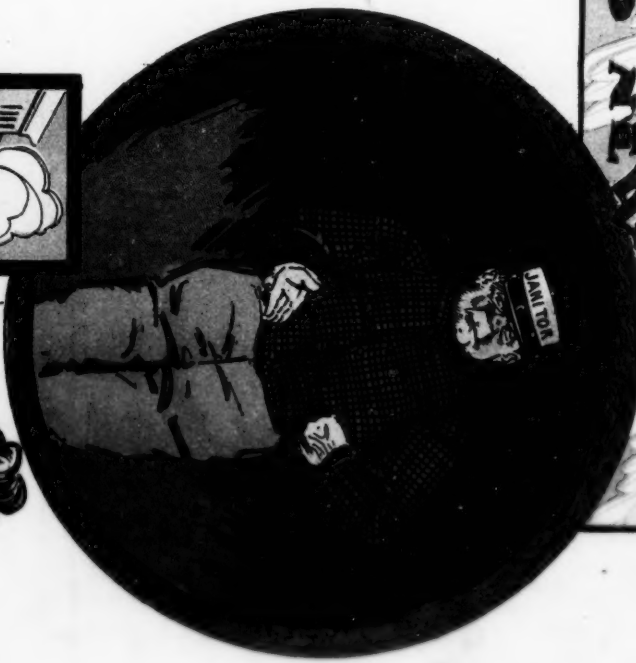
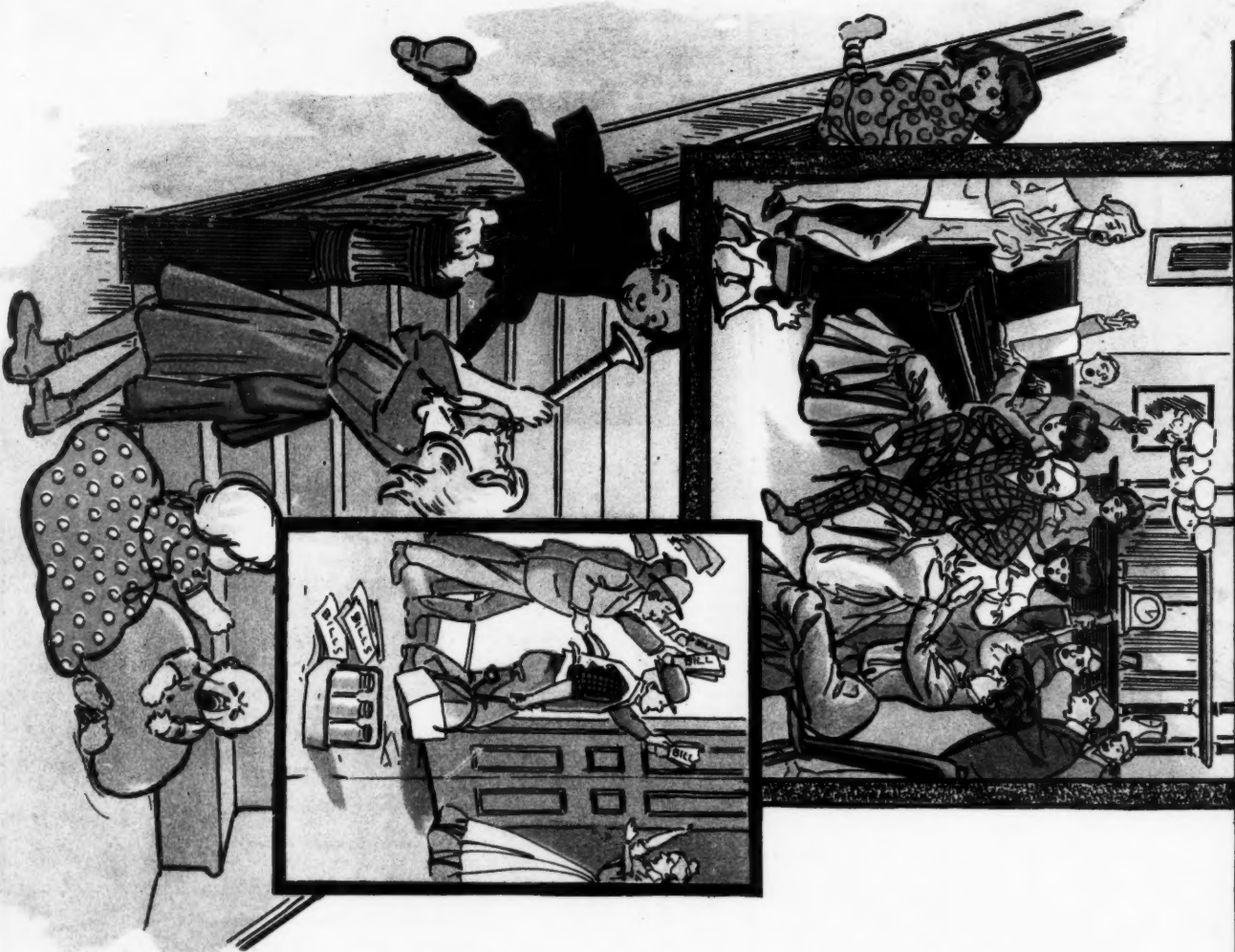
Who live in Bedlam all day long
And put night's calm to utter rout
With unmelodious mirth and song?
The people that have just moved out.
And who steal noiselessly about
Nor drop the matter of a pin?
As mum as tree-toads in a drought?—
The people that have just moved in.

Who have a harum-scarum throng
Of progeny—of girls that shout
Upon the stairs, and boys all wrong?—
The people that have just moved out.
And who have children that the knout
Could not provoke to raise a din?—
Such manly boys! Girls so devout!—
The people that have just moved in.

Who had each month a grievance strong,
Would flee all plans, all counsel flout,
And put off settlements o'erlong?
The people that have just moved out.
And who maintain with manner stout
Complaining is a mortal sin,
Find naught to sneer at, nothing scout?
The people that have just moved in.

Who have all vices? *Says a doubt*
The people that have just moved out.
And who boast virtues *ad infinitum*?
The people that have just moved in.

Edward W. Barnard.



Frank H. Munroe
1900